

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
One copy, if paid within three months, ..... \$2.00  
If not paid within three months, ..... \$2.25  
If paid at the end of the year, ..... \$20.00  
All kinds of advertising, except at the publisher's option,  
and any person wishing the paper stopped, must  
give notice thereof at the expiration of the term,  
whether previous notice has been given or not.

Business Cards.

The Ellsworth American  
Book, Card & Job Printing Office,  
ELLSWORTH, ME.  
N. K. SAWYER, Proprietor.

W. A. JORDAN,  
HOUSE CARPENTER & JOINER,  
ELLSWORTH, ME.  
Sketches, Designs, Elevations, Sections, Plans,  
Specifications, Details, and Working Draw-  
ings promptly furnished.  
All kinds of building done by the day, contract,  
measurement of lumber, etc., in the city or  
country at reasonable prices. 11-22

Removal.  
WM. P. JOY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
and solicitor of  
PENSION, BOUNTY CLAIMS  
Office over P. & S. K. Whiting, 2111

INSURE IN THE BEST  
COMPANY  
THE ELKS, A. has a paid-up capital of \$5,  
000,000. Money loaned at 5% per annum.  
Also Agent for the Rogers, Williams,  
and Phoenix Mutual Insurance Companies.  
Ellsworth, January 24th, 1887. 11-22

Dr. L. W. JORD KINS,  
ELLSWORTH, ME.  
Office over Joy, Bartlett, & Co's. Store

TICKETS.  
To all Points West and South, via Boston, New  
York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,  
New Orleans, St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago,  
San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma,  
and Detroit for sale by

Geo. A. Dyer  
State Street Block, Ellsworth, Me.

SEAFARERS' Pacific Mail Steamship Co., for  
California, China and Japan.  
TICKETS TO AND FROM  
England, Ireland, and Scotland. 11-22

Oyster Eating Saloon.  
J. W. COOMBS, PROPRIETOR.  
Peters' Block,  
Corner of Main & State Streets, Ellsworth, ME.

TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!!  
DON'T suffer with the Tooth Ache, or  
with toothless gums when you can  
get a perfect set of Teeth at

Dr. Osgood's  
for Twenty-five Dollars. 11-22

PAINTING, GLAZING,  
PAPER HANGING.  
Having purchased the exclusive right to use  
Adam Patent Graining Machine,  
In Ellsworth.

I am prepared to do all kinds of graining, copy-  
nature accurately. I can do more graining in  
two hours with this machine than can be done  
any other way by hand. For estimates call on E. H. H. Langdon.

I. T. SMITH,  
Hathaway and Langdon,  
Dealers in

FLOUR & GRAIN,  
No. 124 State Street,  
Formerly in Long Wharf.

J. H. LANGDON  
A. J. BURNHAM,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Particular attention given to taking Deeds, Mort-  
gages, etc.  
Special attention devoted to the collection of de-  
bts against persons in the County of Hancock.  
Office on Main Street, 11-22

BRAY & ROBINSON,  
Flour Manufacturers and Receivers,  
HAY BUILDING,  
Nos. 125, 129 and 133 Dyer St.,  
H. P. Bray, Providence, R. I. J. P. Robinson

Continental Life  
INS. CO.  
HARTFORD, CONN.

C. C. BURRILL, TRAVELING Agent Post Office  
Address, Ellsworth, Me. 11-22

REMOVAL !!  
DR. E. GOUGHING has moved into the House  
formerly occupied by the late J. Smith, on the cor-  
ner, above the Ellsworth Hotel, nearly opposite the  
New Town Hall; and will attend to all calls in  
his profession.

Office in Dwelling House,  
Ellsworth, Jan. 8, 1887. 11-22

For Sale.  
The Cottage House now occupied by myself,  
situated on Central St. It is one of the pleasant  
est locations in that part of the city, and is in  
prime order. For particulars inquire of

Mary J. Brooks.  
Ellsworth, June 8th, 1886. 11-22

J. W. BRACKETT,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Grand, Square, & Eridal Piano  
Fortes

WARRIORS AND FACTORY  
No. 18 Avery Street Boston.  
B. LANG, General Agent.  
July 8th, 1886. 11-22

DENTISTRY.  
DR. J. R. MASON,  
Would respectfully inform the public that he has  
opened an Office in Young's Building on  
MAIN STREET, ELLSWORTH,  
where he renders his professional services to all  
who may favor him with a call. Artificial teeth  
inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite base. Par-  
ticular attention paid to extracting and filling  
teeth. Either administered when desired, and all  
operations warranted. 11-22

Old Papers.  
THE highest market price paid for old papers at  
ALLEN & BROTHERS.  
Ellsworth Nov. 4, 1886. 11-22

TO LET.  
The rooms formerly occupied by the American  
Office. For particulars inquire of  
W. S. PETERS.  
Ellsworth, June 1st, 1886. 11-22



HALL'S  
Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

Every year increases the popu-  
larity of this valuable Hair Pre-  
paration, which is due to merit  
alone. We can assure our old  
patrons that it is kept fully up to  
its high standard, and to those  
who have never used it we can  
confidently say, that it is the only  
reliable and perfected prepara-  
tion to restore GRAY OR FADED  
HAIR to its youthful color, mak-  
ing it soft, lustrous, and silken;  
the scalp, by its use, becomes  
white and clean; it removes all  
eczema, dandruff, and by its  
tonic properties prevents the  
hair from falling out, as it stimu-  
lates and nourishes the hair  
glands. By its use the hair grows  
thicker and stronger. In baldness  
it restores the capillary glands  
to their normal vigor, and will  
create a new growth except in  
extreme old age. It is the most  
effective and reliable hair dressing  
ever used, as it requires fewer  
applications, and gives the hair  
that splendid glossy appearance  
so much admired by all. Dr. A.  
Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of  
Mass., says, "the constituents are  
pure and carefully selected for  
highest quality, and I consider  
it the BEST PREPARATION for  
its intended purposes." It pub-  
lished a treatise on the hair, which  
we send free by mail upon applica-  
tion, which contains commen-  
datory notices from eclogues,  
physicians, the press, and others.  
We have made the study of the  
hair and its diseases a specialty  
for years, and know that we make  
the most effective preparation for  
the restoration and the preserva-  
tion of the hair, extant, and so  
acknowledged by the best Medi-  
cal and Chemical Authorities.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price one Dollar Per Bottle.  
R. P. HALL & CO., Proprietors,  
LABORATORY, NASHUA, N. H.

Passengers Ticketed from Bangor to  
Boston.  
Sanford's Independent Line.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.  
Steamer KATAHDIN, Capt. H.  
Rich, will leave Ellsworth for Bangor  
on Friday, Jan. 15th, at 10 A.M., touch-  
ing at all the usual landings, on the River  
and Bay.

Steamer will leave Bangor for Ellsworth  
on Friday, Jan. 15th, at 10 A.M., touch-  
ing at all the usual landings, on the River  
and Bay.

From Bangor to Boston, including  
fare from Ellsworth and back to Bangor,  
\$5.00  
From Ellsworth to Boston, including  
fare from Bangor and back to Ellsworth,  
\$4.00

For sale at P. M. Blake's General Store  
Office, No. 3 Central Street, where also may be  
found a full and complete list of the  
Fare must be accompanied by bills of lading  
indicating the goods to be shipped.

EDMOND TAYLOR, Agent.  
Bangor, Dec. 10th, 1886. 11-22

GEORGE P. DUTTON,  
ATTORNEY  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
State Street, Block  
ELLSWORTH, ME.

ED. D. PETERS & SONS, Boston.  
Gen. Geo. F. Snegley, Portland.  
Bangor, Me. 11-22

GEORGE P. CLARK & CO.,  
SHIP BROKERS,  
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
233 STATE STREET,  
Boston.

Freights & Charters procured. Vessels Bought &  
Sold. Insurance effected, etc.  
ADVENTURE & UNION POWER CAPTAIN.  
Particular attention given to the sale of spare  
Pipes, Bells, Haul, Hard and Soft Wood, Sticks,  
Bridging, etc., and all kinds of accounts.

Consignments solicited. 11-22

UNFAILING EYE PRESERVERS  
LAZARUS and MORRIS  
CELEBRATED  
Perfected Spectacles,  
and EYE GLASSES.

Is a sure proof of their superiority. We were  
informed that the reality of the advantages  
offered to wearers of our celebrated lenses, viz.,  
the ease and comfort, the assured and readily ac-  
complished removal of the sight, the result of the  
use of our lenses, is not to be overestimated. In the  
general adoption of our CELEBRATED EYE  
GLASSES, we have secured the most successful  
and profitable business in the history of the  
profession. We are confident that the use of our  
spectacles, we afford at all times an opportunity  
of procuring the best and most desirable.

E. F. ROBINSON,  
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER, Ellsworth, Me.  
Has always on hand a full assortment, suitable  
for every difficulty.  
We take occasion to notify the public that we  
employ no peddlers, but to caution them against  
those pretending to have our goods for sale.

DR. T. W. CLEMENTS,  
DENTIST,  
Main St., opposite Whittings Store,  
ELLSWORTH, ME.

All operations in dentistry carefully performed.  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous  
Oxide Gas, Chloroform, or Ether spray.  
Dr. C. has the exclusive right in this county  
for the use of the latest method of constructing plates  
for artificial teeth. 11-22

JACOB SAWYER,  
Deputy Sheriff,  
Tremont, Hancock Co., Maine.

All precepts promptly attended to. 11-22

New Portland Packet  
Will be put on the route  
between ELLSWORTH &  
PORTLAND, early in the spring the

Packet Schooner Telegraph.  
CAPT. W. P. WOODARD, to run regularly  
with quick dispatch. A fair share of the Portland  
and Ellsworth freighting is solicited. Prompt  
ness and carefulness assured to shippers. For  
freight and cargo, inquire of J. A. LEE, Water  
Street, Ellsworth, or to Portland, or the Cap-  
tain. 11-22

Poetry.  
OLD MAXIM.

"Hoe Your Own Row"  
BY ALICE CARY.

I think there are some maxims  
Under the sun,  
Scarce worth preservation;  
But here, boys, is one  
So sound and so simple,  
"Hoe your own row!"  
If you want to have riches,  
And want to have friends,  
Don't trample the mean down.  
And look for the end;  
But always remember  
Wherever you go,  
The wisdom of practicing  
Hoe your own row!  
Don't just sit and pray,  
For increase of your store,  
But work; who will help himself,  
Heaven helps more.  
The weeds while you're sleeping  
Will come up and grow!  
If you would have the  
Full ear, you must hoe!  
Nor will it do only  
To hoe out the weeds,  
You must make your ground mellow,  
And put in the seed;  
And when the young blade  
Pushes through, you must know  
There is nothing will strengthen  
Its growth like the hoe!  
There's no use of saying  
What will be, will be;  
Once try it, my lock-brain,  
And see what you'll see!  
Why, just what potatoes,  
And few in row,  
You'd better take hold then,  
And honestly hoe!  
A good many workers  
I've known in my time—  
Some builders of houses,  
Some builders of rhyme;  
And they that were prospered,  
Some prospered, I know.  
By the intent and meaning  
Of hoe your own row!  
I've known, too, a good many  
Idlers, who said,  
I've right to my living,  
The world owes me bread!  
A right! lazy lubber!  
A thousand times No!  
"The hoe, and the hoe!"  
Who does his own row.

Miscellaneous.  
THE VILLAGE BY THE MILL.

[Written for the Ellsworth American.]  
A Temperance Tale of Eastern Maine.

CHAPTER V.  
Strange scene at the funeral—Return  
in Millidge—A long sea voyage—  
Return from a perilous position—A  
surprise—Strange adventures—Capt.  
Bowline.

The funeral ceremonies, at the old  
church in Millidge, were more than  
usually solemn and impressive. The  
house was filled to overflowing with  
sympathizing friends and neighbors, al-  
so strangers, whom the sad occurrence  
had brought from adjacent towns.

Father Mack was called from another  
village, to assist in the obsequies. At  
the close of the regular sermon, by Mr.  
Brilliant, the venerable man arose; and  
in a few well chosen remarks, called  
their attention to some things, which  
seemed to be entirely overlooked by  
the younger preacher. He alluded to  
the source from whence originated this  
great sorrow, which had come upon  
this peaceful village. "Long ago," said  
he, this melancholy event was fore-  
shadowed upon my vision with start-  
ling distinctness. I then raised my  
warning voice; I cried aloud, but cried  
in vain. My skirts are clear from the  
blood of these men now lying before  
you.

You will remember my words—  
they were these. "When you behold  
your friends and neighbors lying here  
shrouded for the tomb, stricken down  
by the destroying fiend ye are now  
hugging so lovingly, will not accusing  
conscience, in horrid whispers, tell  
you they are also victims of your own  
apathy. The consequences are yours.  
The viper, you have so long cher-  
ished, has, at last, turned and given you  
the death sting! And deeper yet will  
those fangs be struck, unless ye arise  
and drive from your community this  
hydra headed monster, Alcohol!"

As soon as the speaker concluded  
his remarks, Henry Hosford arose, and  
proceeded to unfold a paper, which he  
lay on one of the coffins; then turning  
to the people, he thus addressed them.  
"My friends what now seems to be the  
afflicting hand of an offended God, may,  
if frigidly appreciated, prove a blessing,  
and a salvation from this frightful evil,  
which originated in yonder bar-room,  
and which like a destroying pestilence,  
has spread to nearly every home in  
the village. I am about to leave this  
place, around which cluster many  
pleasant, and some painful, associa-  
tions; and I shall probably never meet  
you again; but, before my departure,  
I wish to set you an example, which  
you would all do well to imitate. Al-  
though I never drank a glass of in-  
toxicating liquor in my life, I intend  
to place on record a solemn avowal of  
my determination to continue thus tem-  
perate while I live. Here is a Pledge  
of total abstinence from all that can in-  
toxicate; and here, in the presence of  
the living and the dead, I affix my sig-  
nature."

He then signed his name and resum-  
ed his seat. The silence that now reigned  
in that large assemblage was almost  
painful.

Expectation sat on all faces. Would  
another sign? A momentary pause, and

Thomas Ashley, one of the gang at  
Long Pond, arose and signed his name.

He was followed by his two compan-  
ions; then, to the amazement of all the  
others, Mr. Jones' only son, a young  
man of about twenty, walked up, and  
with a firm hand registered his name,  
Stanley Jones.

His example was contagious—one  
after another passed up in quick suc-  
cession, until more than a hundred  
names were enrolled. Lastly Mike  
Conolly signed, saying as he did so,  
"I've signed one pledge, but I aren't  
ashamed to sign another."

In spite of the solemnities of the  
place, this remark elicited a smile from  
many, who knew the particulars of  
Mike's first pledge.

Henry now again arose and said:  
"My friends, the approach of night ad-  
monishes us, that we must pause in this  
good work, to attend to the solemn du-  
ties of the hour; but I propose, that  
we meet in the Hall, this evening, to  
organize a Temperance Society, that  
will have for one of its first objects the  
care of these three unfortunate families,  
thus rendered desolate by the destroy-  
er, rum."

So a temperance society was put in  
operation, to meet once a month, and  
provision made for lecturing and other  
business.

At the close, the old minister took  
Hosford by the hand, and said: "God  
bless you Henry,—God bless you, I  
have preached, but you have practiced."

From that eventful night, the bar  
was closed; for Mr. Jones went with  
the popular tide, and was one of the  
most active of temperance men in the  
village; but his zeal in the new reform  
was not very well appreciated; and he  
was looked upon rather distrustfully  
by his brother members.

The reader will recollect, that, at the  
close of the second chapter, Henry an-  
nounced to Charles Edwards his inten-  
tion to set out, immediately, for Cali-  
fornia, in order to trace the whereabouts  
of the "Luke O' Neal," mentioned by  
old Grizzly Ben.

The more he thought the matter over  
the less likely appeared his chance of  
success. Still he felt certain that Luke  
O' Neal was no other than the verita-  
ble Edmund Bramford, who, so many  
years before, had disappeared, so mys-  
teriously from St. John.

Though he had nearly abandoned all  
hope of discovering his own relatives,  
yet, for Mary's sake, he resolved to  
prosecute this undertaking, not that he  
really expected anything to come of it,  
but his honor, as well as his feelings,  
was involved; for had he not given  
Mary his word, that he would follow  
up the first clue which should present  
itself?

Here then was a single thread; fee-  
ble though it seemed, he would follow,  
even if it led to no results, at least,  
would afford his mind some occupation,  
until he could calmly think of his own  
affairs.

Taking leave of his friends in Mill-  
ridge, he proceeded to Boston. Being  
too late for the boat to the Isthmus,  
and in no particular hurry, he embarked  
in a packet ship, then about to start  
on a voyage around Cape Horn.

Nothing occurred, outside the usual  
routine of sea-life, to break the monoto-  
ny of the long voyage, until many days  
after they had rounded the "stormy  
cape."

On the eighty first day out from Bos-  
ton, they were to the southward of Ju-  
an Fernandez, slowly working their  
way north on the tranquil waters of the  
South Pacific. About noon, the  
thrilling cry of "sail" was shouted  
from aloft.

The captain caught up his telescope  
and quickly mounted the rigging. On  
descending, he informed the passengers  
and crew, that there was no sail in sight  
as had been announced, but there was  
an object, directly in their course, hard-  
ly discernible by the unassisted eye,  
but, as nearly as he could judge, from  
observations through his glass, it was  
a raft, or something of that kind, car-  
rying two shipwrecked mariners. In  
about an hour the object could be seen  
from the deck.

The captain was right; it was a raft,  
upon which stood two men, who were  
swinging their hats and making sig-  
nals.

In a short time they were alongside  
and rescued from their unpleasant situ-  
ation.

As the second man came over the  
rail, Henry, who was standing near,  
retreated several paces backward, ut-  
tering at the same time, an exclamation  
of astonishment.

Quickly recovering, he exclaimed:  
"What mystery is this!—Is the sea  
giving up the dead? Do I behold a be-  
ing from another world, or Charles Ed-  
wards, clothed in real flesh and blood?"

"No ghost; but the real Charles Ed-  
wards, weighing some fifteen pounds  
more of flesh and blood, than when we  
parted company last Christmas,"  
Charles answered, as he grasped the  
hand of his friend Henry, who was still

trembling with the agitation caused by  
this sudden appearance of one, whom he  
believed had passed from the land  
of living men.

"Thank heaven! then you are not  
engaged in feeding the fishes at the  
bottom of Long Pond!"

"No, but I have narrowly escaped  
that employment at the bottom of the  
South Pacific."

How, in the name of all that is won-  
derful, came you here, in this place, of  
all the remote corners of the earth, the  
most unlikely for a missing man to  
turn up in?"

"It is a long story, which I must re-  
late to you alone. Have you a state  
room?"

"Yes."

"Then, while my companion du voy-  
age is regaling the passengers and  
crew with his account, I will tell my  
little story to you, alone."

"What about Mary and Charley?"  
he asked, as soon as they were seated  
in Henry's state room.

"Charley was well when I left; but  
Mary Edwards is now one of the sad-  
dest of the sad."

"Dear Mary—her sorrow shall be  
turned to joy. But tell me what be-  
came of Colby and his companions?"

"They miserably perished on the ice."  
Just as I feared—poor fellows! I  
saw them when they sat down on the  
ice to drink, but I was too confused to  
warn them of their danger; if I had,  
they probably would not have heeded;  
for a drunken man is the most unrea-  
sonable and obstinate being in the  
world.

You no doubt aware of the incidents  
of that fatal night, when I again yield-  
ed to the tempter. I say tempter, as  
if the word implied some outside influ-  
ence; but that evening's work showed  
me that temptation is only another  
term for a preexisting inclination to  
do the wrong. I had been conscious of  
feeling a strong inclination to taste  
of the liquor, all that evening; and on-  
ly my promise to you and Mary re-  
strained me. I found myself almost  
hoping that something would turn up—  
some pretext, to quiet the conscience  
and justify the act in my own mind;  
and when Colby made his proposition,  
and the others assented, (though  
probably not knowing what they said,)  
I eagerly acquiesced, without stopping  
to reflect, whether the possible good re-  
sults would cover the sin of wrong do-  
ing. I think now, that Colby dragged  
the liquor—I have no doubt of it; for  
he said, before going into the woods,  
that he would get Edwards drunk be-  
fore spring. I had sense enough left  
to protect myself from the cold before  
going out; but why I undertook to  
cross the pond that bitter night, I  
could not then have told. I certainly  
had some remote sense of fear lest you  
and Mike should find me intoxicated,  
and possibly thought the walk would  
set me right.

As soon as I got on to the pond, every  
thing seemed strangely turned around.  
I stoutly contended that we were going  
in the wrong direction, while the others  
insisted they were right.

I got angry at what I termed their  
foolish obtuseness in calling east, north,  
and north, a whole quarter compass  
west. So I turned square to the right,  
in the direction I supposed the opposite  
camp to be, which must have led me  
directly to the east end of the pond.

The others, when I turned away, paused,  
and seemed to be holding a consulta-  
tion. I supposed they would follow,  
but on turning towards them, I saw  
that they were seated, and taking a  
drink from the pocket flasks which they  
carried.

I don't know how far I wandered, but  
I have a dim recollection of becoming  
numb with cold and exhausted with  
fatigue, also of lying down under a tree,  
and of being picked up and put upon a  
sled, belonging, as I afterwards learned,  
to a party of those hunters, from Lubec  
and Eastport, who were thus early  
moving toward the latter place, with a  
load of game. I also have a confused  
recollection of drinking a large quantity  
of brandy to warm myself, and of being  
in some sort of a public house, where I  
imagined that I was some very impor-  
tant personage—then all was chaos,  
until I awoke, to find myself lying in  
a hammock, on board a vessel! I raised  
my head and looked about me. I was  
evidently in the fore-castle of a large  
vessel; and I knew, by the motion, that  
she was under sail. I dropped back  
into the hammock, and made an effort  
to collect my scattered thoughts. Where  
was I?

How came I on board a vessel? Was  
I dreaming or awake? Vain endeavor  
—I could not follow a single train of  
ideas far enough to solve my own ques-  
tions, but soon fell asleep, under a  
vague impression, that the camp at  
Long Pond had turned to a large ship,  
and that we were loading with logs, by  
the old church in Millidge.

When I again awoke, I was in full  
possession of my bodily and mental  
faculties.

As I leaped from the hammock, I en-  
countered a man, (the mate, as I after-  
wards knew) face to face. One glance  
was sufficient! There stood Jenkins  
himself! A look of devilish malignity  
glazed from that one eye—then which

a more evil looking orb of vision, I think  
I never beheld—it fairly glittered with  
an expression of fiendish exultation! I  
unflinchingly returned his gaze with a  
look of defiance, which I know I then  
felt, and before which, the cowardly  
rascal quailed. Jenkins was the first  
to speak. "I was just about to give my-  
self an introduction," said he, with a  
sneer; "but I perceive that you recog-  
nize me as an old acquaintance. You,  
no doubt, have been very anxious to see  
me, as I have, for a long time, been  
in your debt, just a trifle, for services ren-  
dered in the way of a little surgical op-  
eration," pointing to his sightless eye.  
"Before the voyage is up, I hope to see  
all old scores amicably adjusted."

"Where am I, I demanded."

"Well sir, as near as I can reckon, you  
are on board the good brig Eagle, of  
Boston, commanded by Captain Bowline  
of Salem, and about twenty leagues  
south of Nova Scotia."

"How came I here?" was the next  
question.

"Well, in the first place, you sailed  
here; but you signed shipping articles in  
Eastport, to go on board the Eagle,  
then at anchor in Lubec harbor, loaded  
with choice pine lumber, and ready to  
sail."

"The papers are dated, December, 27,  
and, in them, you obligated yourself to  
go, on a voyage, as a sailor, first, to  
Valparaiso, Chile; thence to Australia,  
and back to Boston, by way of Liver-  
pool."

I sank upon a sea-chest, with a groan.  
"A cowardly, dastardly outrage!" I  
cried with vehemence; "I signed the ar-  
ticles without knowledge of the act, in a  
state of intoxication."

"You talked bravely," said he, "in the  
tavern where you were let, but you told  
an untruthful tale; you said you were  
a sailor, and you were not; and insisted  
upon parading your name to the articles."

"I tried to dissuade you" (in this he  
did not lie) "but you would not take  
my word for an answer; now you must  
bear the consequences of your own free  
act. Your being drunk was your own  
crime, not mine. All I had to do was to  
tell you down to Lubec, and put you  
aboard."

"I will not do duty," I replied. "You  
had no right to smuggle me on board in  
this way. No one, having a spark of  
honor, would be guilty of such a mean-  
ness."

"Oh well,—just as you please about  
that," was his ironical reply; but if  
you have been to sea, as much as you  
say, (about a hundred years, judging  
from your account) you must be aware,  
that on board of craft like this, we  
have some pleasant, little moles for  
compelling refractory sailors to do  
duty. The only thing you can do, is to  
make the best of a bad bargain, and  
not to be quite so drunk when you  
make another. You shall have all the  
grog you want; but if you get boozey,  
on ship-board, on go the patent, me-  
tallie rattles."

With these taunting words, he left  
for the deck; and I buried my face be-  
tween my knees, and wept many a bit-  
ter tear—the first since childhood. I  
reviewed the past few days; and, if  
ever a poor soul repented of sin, I did  
then. Oh, how I loathed and abhorred  
the very name of alcohol!

I hated it worse than a saint hates  
Satan!

I felt that the appetite for liquor,  
which had haunted me for years, was  
gone forever.

Like the woman in sacred writ—I felt  
within me, that I was "cured of that  
plague."

I then turned my thoughts towards  
my immediate situation. I should gain  
nothing by being obstinate. I had no  
one to blame but myself. I resolved  
to follow the mate's advice, to "make  
the best of a bad bargain." I went on deck,  
and reported myself to the captain,  
ready for duty.

"You have come to a wise conclusion,"  
said the captain. "Nothing on ship-  
board like coming right up to duty,  
with a hearty good will, man-fashion."

I found the crew to be composed of  
the very worst specimens of humanity.  
They were, with one or two excep-  
tions, foreigners, and a dissipated set  
altogether.

Of the mate's character, you know;  
but I soon discovered him to be wholly  
incompetent for the important position  
he pretended to fill. He was seldom  
sober, and always anywhere but in the  
right place.

The captain, on the contrary, was a  
temperate man; and I soon found, to  
my delight, that he was a gentleman  
as well. I found, in him, a friend from  
the outset. He was kind and forbear-  
ing toward the crew, and treated them  
as men; but the ungrateful scoundrels  
saw











